

**out of focus, eye to eye, 'til the gravity's too much by  
stardustupinlights**

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**Summary:**

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For Perpollo Week, Day 5:

- "Put your lips close to mine, as long as they don't touch."

**Relationships:** Apollo/Percy Jackson

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## out of focus, eye to eye, 'til the gravity's too much

### Author's Note:

WARNING: If you read the tags, Percy is 16 for the first half or so of this fic. If that's something you're not interested in, don't read. I don't hold myself responsible for you being offended about your choice to read this. So, be gone. Thank you.

And for the rest of you, have fun!

Percy is tired, annoyed, there's wax in his ears and he's sure his nose must look purple. He opens his mouth to say no to Apollo's offer of coming to his concert in the most dick-sucking way possible to avoid incineration, but Grover speaks up before he can.

"I think Percy would love to," he says, and Percy whips his head around to stare at him in betrayal. Grover winces. "It's uh, the least we could do to make up for scratching your lyre, my Lord."

"Perfect!" Apollo says, and wraps his arm around Percy's shoulders, pulling him in way too close to his body. Percy instantly starts sweating because jeez, this guy is hot both literally and figuratively, isn't he? "You'll get a VIP spot, mister hero. And you, mister satyr, are you sure you don't want to —?"

"Oh, no, my Lord, I might explode!" Grover rushes out, making Percy scowl. He mouths at him, *you evil goat*, because that was the excuse he was going to use. Grover grimaces. "That might distract from your glory."

"Very well!" Apollo happily waves his lyre, smiling even brighter. "That's perfect, Grover. Your bravery will be remembered for helping me get what I want!"

Percy frowns. "What does that—?"

He blinks, and suddenly he's standing in a backstage room. He looks around at the hangers, the mirrors, the dressers and the pile of flower arrangements that seem to be from fans. The Celestons are standing in a circle, quietly looking at each other; the one Percy caught is there as well, already.

Apollo grabs him tightly by the shoulder and sits him down. "This is the best view, Perseus. Enjoy the concert. We're heading to sound check!"

Percy opens his mouth to ask how he's supposed to watch the concert from backstage, but Apollo disappears along with his statues and he ends up staring at a wall.

A wall that suddenly shimmers and shows him a stage. Huh. Well. He might as well start plotting his revenge against Grover. Percy walks around the room and finds a door to a bathroom, where he proceeds to pull and scratch the melted wax out of his ears, hoping it doesn't have any lingering repercussions. He also cleans up his face and resets his nose, then goes back outside to see if there's any ambrosia laying around.

After tearing open enough of Apollo's fanmail, he finds a few ambrosia-infused chocolates, thankfully not from Aphrodite. The signature belongs to a so-called Eros, which does sound familiar, but whatever. He just eats one up.

Percy proceeds to choke. Holy fucking shit, that's *good*. Usually, ambrosia just takes like his mom's cookies, which are already to die for, but *this*? Holy crap. Fuck. It's like his mom's cookies wrapped up in an extra-delicious layer of chocolate plus the intensity of ambrosia and all of his other favorite desserts. It leaves him with a bitter, strange aftertaste, but he really doesn't give a crap about that as he feels his nose swelling reduce and his taste buds dance.

The concert starts. Percy jumps as he's suddenly surrounded by music, with perfect surround sound, angelic noise filling his ears. He drops down on the couch and stares at the wall-that's-now-a-screen, popping another piece of chocolate into his mouth.

Apollo enters the frame and Percy chokes all over again, because Jesus fucking Christ, if he thought Apollo's tank-top and jeans fit was good-looking before then this is absolutely fucking wrecking. He's changed into a suit, with black pants tight enough that Percy can see the strain on his thighs—have those always been that distracting? He feels like that's a yes—and his shirt's button pressing against his chest like they want to break open. It's perfectly tailored, from the gold jacket to the tie and the shoes; something about it looks professional and intimidating, like a high-class university professor.

Then Apollo pulls up his sunglasses and looks right at whatever device is transmitting the concert into this backstage room, winking. He starts singing.

Percy doesn't know how to put it into words. He thought the Celedons were divine, but he has to admit, with an open mouth and metaphorically gritted teeth, that they're nothing in comparison to Apollo's real singing voice. He starts feeling uncomfortably hot only a few minutes in, and wonders if the comment about blowing-up from the sheer divinity of it all might hold some truth, but then Apollo rolls up the sleeves of his suit jacket and Percy forgets about having a line of thought.

Other than, well, gods. He's so hot.

Percy shakes his head, trying to clear his thoughts. It's fine, it's perfectly fine, totally normal to enjoy looking at another guy's body. He pops another chocolate into his mouth and since that now feels a *little* too tingly, he decides that's enough, because it'd be kinda lame to die from ambrosia incineration. He leans back against the couch with his legs spread, trying to relax, process and enjoy the music.

He keeps his eyes glued to the screen, watching Apollo's every movement. After the initial shock of his voice it is easy to just slip into the bliss of it, let every other thought run away from his consciousness, and it's only ten minutes in that he feels his limbs loosening and his eyes closing, his mind fuzzy and blurry. He frowns, because huh, that's weird, but he feels nice. Toasty. Warm. Apollo starts singing a ballad that pulls at his heartstrings with genuine heartache, and with that, finally, Percy fully drifts off to sleep.

He wakes up to gold eyes and gold hair, a pretty face frowning down at him. “Perseus—thank the gods! I thought you were far gone. How many did you eat?”

Percy blinks. “You’re pretty.”

Apollo licks his lips, raising his eyebrows. “Why, thank you, but that’s not the urgent matter here—”

Percy tangles his hands in his hair and kisses him. Apollo lets out an alarmed sound but Percy is too distracted by the feeling of soft, full, hot lips, and the slight drag of stubble against his chin, and how *different* it is from everything he’s ever known. He presses his lips more insistently and feels a hint of reciprocation in how Apollo leans forward, just a little.

And then there are hands at his shoulders forcibly pushing him back and gold eyes glaring at him, lips pulled into a scowl, in a way that shouldn’t be this hot. “Perseus Jackson. Snap out of it.”

“Uh,” Percy says, blinking. He registers the tingly feeling under his skin and the cool air of the room, the deafening silence, the heat of Apollo’s hands against his shoulders. Then, he remembers who he is, who he is *with*, and he blushes so hard he can feel his blood pressure spiking. “Oh my gods, what the fuck—Apollo, I, uh, I didn’t mean to—”

The intensity of Apollo’s glare fades, and he shoots him a tiny smile, still concerned. “No worries, little hero. You’ve been caught blindsided by the one and only Eros. His edibles are intense, even the samples.”

Percy drops his mouth open. “Those chocolates were *edibles*?”

“Indeed,” Apollo shrugs. He drops next to Percy on the couch, sighing. Percy notices he’s still wearing that suit from earlier, except the top buttons of his shirt are popped open, shamelessly showing miles and miles of skin. Percy stares. “How many did you eat? You’re most certainly still under the effects.”

“Uh, two, maybe three?” Percy says, and Apollo visibly freezes. He panics. “Oh gods, is that bad? Am I gonna die?”

“What? No,” Apollo frowns, and leans into his space, grabbing his chin and forcing their eyes to meet. Percy swallows, blushing even further. Apollo narrows his eyes at him. “You’re perfectly fine. If it was three, you slept them off. I just thought...”

“What?” Percy asks, feeling jittery, but the adrenaline running through his veins feels rather different than before, with Apollo this close. He can smell a hint of his cologne and his aftershave and it’s doing all sorts of things to him that remind him a little too much of how he sometimes felt around Charlie. “What is it?”

Apollo raises an eyebrow and clears his throat. “Nothing. I just didn’t expect your company to be this delightful. Tell me, are you in a hurry to go home?”

Percy shakes his head. “No? I told my mom I’d be out all day. But, you know, I don’t exactly dig Olympus, so—”

“We can go back to the city,” Apollo smiles at him, sharp and a little too sweet to be entirely genuine, but somehow still breathtaking. “I have a place. A little townhouse. Surely you won’t mind keeping me company, will you?”

“I...” Percy hesitates. Earlier today, this would’ve been the last thing he wanted. Right now? Well, Apollo’s stopped being so obnoxious and loud, and his presence feels a little more calming. Besides, if he goes back home it means he’ll have to study. “Don’t singers have after-parties?”

Apollo’s expression shuts off a little, and he looks off to the side. “Yes, of course. I just didn’t feel like attending this one. So, what do you say?”

Something tells him this is a bad idea, but a quick look at Apollo’s quirked mouth and his open shirt and Percy finds himself nodding dumbly.

An hour later, he's lying on the floor of Apollo's townhouse. Apollo's over him, almost between his legs, pressing one of Eros' chocolates to his mouth, smiling so brightly it hurts. Percy's breathless.

"Are you sure you want to try these again?" He asks, because Percy had insisted. "You have to remain responsible, Percy. After all, you're a hero."

For the last hour, he's been listening to stories of Apollo's concerts and unexpectedly laughing his ass off, because guess what—he can be good company when he's not trying to impress every single person around, regardless of whether they're looking at him or not. He's still disgustingly self-centered but Percy thinks he gets it now; there's an underlying intelligence to his words that he struggles to hide, and he doesn't doubt that all the attention-seeking is part of an effort to do so.

Apollo has been drinking, but offered none to Percy because he's still legally underage. He can smell the whiskey on his breath from this close. Something that feels a little too close to the emotion that hit him whenever Annabeth's lipstick was too messy, or when Charlie used to wrestle with him in the arena, or when he looked a little too closely at the blond-haired, good-looking guy on Goode's football team is rearing its head. And he, for once, has no intentions of denying himself its pursuit.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Percy mumbles, opening his mouth wide. Instead of just dropping the chocolate into it, though, Apollo presses his fingers in; the pads brush his tongue, and the sensation sends a shiver down his spine. He savors the chocolate, and then: "Apollo, what did you bring me here for?"

Apollo runs a hand through Percy's hair, and smirks down at him. "Why, Percy, don't you know what happens to a singer's special guest after a concert?"

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"Well," Apollo raises an eyebrow, already leaning in. Their lips brush. "I think you can guess, hm?"



It's Percy who captures his lips. Percy who tangles his fingers in those soft curls again, bringing him down with all his strength. Percy who opens his mouth and darts his tongue out when the intense, heated slide of their lips proves to be not enough. Apollo, though, takes control so easily that Percy moans; he bites his lip and sucks on his tongue and makes sure to reach so deep into his mouth that it tickles *everywhere* with sensation.

He's never been kissed like this before. He didn't know it was a thing. But now that he's had a taste of it he wants *more*, and it is with surprisingly little effort that he flips himself and Apollo to straddle his thighs, grabbing his shirt and his jacket and practically ripping them off his body so he can run his hands over all that hot, bronze skin.

Apollo laughs, joyful and loud, but the sound feels dark despite it's otherwise high key. "Oh, baby, that desperate? You've never been touched before, have you?"

"No," Percy admits, his mind racing, his chest heaving. He meets Apollo's golden eyes, and feels his dick stir. Fuck. "Will you?"

"With honor," Apollo says, smiling wide, sharp enough that Percy already feels its sting. "Anything to please the Hero of Olympus, hm? I'm at your service."

Percy shivers. "Okay. Just—do your thing."

"Hm, my thing," Apollo mumbles, running his eyes all over his body. He licks his lips and Percy can't resist leaning in to kiss him, only to be left breathless again within a few seconds. Curse his inexperience. "Okay, my thing. I won't hold back, darling. Is that what you want? For me to make you feel good, no matter what I take?"

"Yes," Percy hisses, swallowing. Apollo leans in and sets kisses over his nose, his jaw, his neck. He bites down, hard, and a jolt goes through his body, a moan escapes his lips. Holy shit. "Fuck, I—fuck, I need you to touch me, Apollo, please."

“You sound so pretty like this,” Apollo comments, and then his hands slip down his back and all the way down to his ass, groping. He accidentally brushes his vulnerable spot because his shirt is slightly ridden up in the back, and for a second Percy is so, so scared. It just makes him harder in his pants. “Hm, what’s this?”

Their eyes meet, but Percy’s unable to find an answer. That seems to be enough for Apollo, whose expression turns serious, and then nonchalant as he brings his hand up again, against the small of his back, fingers shamelessly rubbing. Percy’s body responds running on pure instinct: he arches his back, and ruts his hips into Apollo’s, allowing a moan to escape his lips.

“You know,” Apollo chuckles, pressing a chaste kiss against his cheek. Then he leans in further and talks against his ear. “I had forgotten about this little curse. Did you know I was the guiding hand for the arrow that brought Achilles’ demise?”

“And what am I supposed to do with that information?” Percy pants, tentatively rutting his hips against him again. Apollo hums with what seems to be approval and that does things to him that he doesn’t care to analyze.

“Oh, nothing,” Apollo shrugs, and relieves Percy of his shirt. He tries not to blush at the luscious way Apollo runs his hands over his skin. “I just love how history repeats itself in the oddest ways, sometimes. Now, baby, how does bouncing on my cock sound?”

Percy feels many things at once, but one thing is clear; his dick remains interested. It’s hard to be genuinely intimidated after Kronos. “Convince me.”

Apollo smirks. “With pleasure.”

Hands rip the button of his jeans open and pull down the zipper. Apollo doesn’t even look down, staring right at Percy’s face with darkening, intense eyes, like honey, as he lowers his underwear, too, and grabs his dick in his hand, confident and warm and tight. Percy lets out a broken moan,

letting his body drop slightly, forehead against Apollo's temple in order to look down, gasping.

His thumb runs over the head of his dick, delicate and slow, and precum leaks out with such eagerness that Percy's almost embarrassed, up until he hears Apollo's breath catch. "Oh, sweetheart, so wet for me already, are you?"

Gods. How can he just say that stuff? "It's—I'm a virgin, what do you expect?"

"That was a compliment, honey," Apollo chuckles, and pumps his dick once; Percy jumps with the sensation and doesn't keep his hips from thrusting into his fist. Apollo lets him, squeezing him just right, smearing his precum all over until the slide is smooth and hot. "Keep going, baby. This one is just for you."

Percy doesn't need to be told twice, and quickens his pace, fucking in and out of Apollo's hold. He feels like his skin is too tight, heat rising and rising, pressure building in a familiar yet at least ten times stronger way. A familiar note of desperation rings in him and he lets himself pour out all the sounds that he usually has to keep quiet when he's home so he doesn't get caught.

"Shit," Percy whines, pulling Apollo closer, gasping. He throws his head back and closes his eyes. "*Gods*, ah, ah, Apollo, yeah, so good—"

"Percy," Apollo breathes out, and he lowers his head to look at him, those smoldering eyes sending goosebumps rising on his skin. "Fuck, you're beautiful."

He blushes. "I, ah, thank—"

Apollo crashes their lips together and bites down on his lip, drawing blood. The sharp spike of pain laced with the taste of copper on his tongue does him in, and he cums all over Apollo's hand, whining high-pitched and loud when Apollo keeps stroking him through it until it's too much and he has to frantically grab his wrist to stop him.

Then Apollo pushes him back and lifts him with a single hand in order to get rid of his pants, and Percy sits naked and shaky on top of him, moisture in his eyes. Apollo smiles, and Percy's heart echoes in his ears when he feels Apollo's hands at his ass again, spreading it open. He shivers when a single, slick finger presses against his hole.

"Relax, don't tense up. Last chance, Percy," Apollo says, licking his lips, circling his rim with his finger. Percy shivers; it's odd. It should feel weird. But something about it feels natural; Hades, something about Apollo right now makes him feel as invincible as his body is, as Greek as his roots. He doesn't question it. "Are you *sure* I can go this far?"

Percy sighs and nods. "You gotta try everything once, right?"

Apollo rewards him with a kiss as he starts pushing his finger in, and it's like a floodgate inside Percy opens; he doesn't *melt* at the intrusion, it is too foreign and it doesn't feel good right away, but there's an unavoidable sense of trust here that takes his breath away, an undeniable devotion and desire to the way Apollo kisses him and goes so, so slowly.

When Apollo starts properly stretching him he's still gauging the physical appeal of it, but then Apollo presses his finger in deep, as deep as it will go, and touches something that has every nerve end in Percy's body rising up to the attention, coiling tight. His dick, already half-hard, twitches and releases another embarrassing amount of precum, and the whimper that leaves his lips as he unintentionally clenches down to keep Apollo from escaping is too loud for his own ears.

"There we go, baby," Apollo whispers against his ear, his voice dripping with self-satisfaction. "You into it, hm?"

"*Yeah*," Percy moans out, experimentally rolling his hips back. "Gods, yeah, please more."

Apollo complies, and time seems to melt into something fuzzy and incoherent; the next time he feels fully aware, he's rocking back on three of Apollo's fingers, his mouth dropped open and asking for more. By the time

Apollo's helping him lift so he can sit on his cock Percy can barely remember his name, and then the head breaches him.

Gods, it's *so fucking good*, and Apollo feels so, so big under him, in him, and Percy's almost six feet tall, he hasn't felt small in ages, and Apollo looks just a couple years older than him. It's *divine*, all this information, to feel those long fingers and big hands under his thighs helping him sink, to feel those lips whispering encouragement against his ear.

"Gonna fuck you so hard, baby," Apollo says, groaning. Percy nods, because gods, he barely knew what that meant until right this second and now he doesn't think he can live without that happening. "You feel so good. Gonna ruin you, honey, you're gonna miss me. I'll make sure of it."

Percy nods, barely listening. "Big, so big, hot, gods, Apollo, more, more."

Once he's fully sunk, Apollo gives him a couple seconds to adjust. Then, he makes Percy bounce up and down, hard, and it hits those nerves inside him with such perfect aim that he *screams*, does it again all on his own, holding on to Apollo's shoulders for dear life because he needs more of this odd, primal, electric feeling of power and lust.

He cums so hard he goes blind for a few long seconds, and then Apollo pushes him on his back, right against his expensive rug, spreads his legs as far as they'll go and fucks him so fast that the friction of the fabric under his skin burns, so hard that the way his head meets the floor on the first thrust and his body takes the brunt of every single in and out would leave him in shambles if it wasn't for the curse of Achilles.

Percy doesn't know for how long they go like this. At one point after Apollo buries himself in deep and fills him up with him cum, he flips them again, and decides he doesn't care how messy and desperate it is to lean his hands on the floor and fuck himself down on him again, gasping against his mouth. Later on, his back suffers against a wall, and his face gets shoved against silky pillows.

When nighttime falls, Apollo dresses him up, gives him a painkiller, and kisses him at the door. "Did you have fun, Percy?"

He can barely keep his eyes open, and he most definitely hasn't fully processed what just went down. But he nods. "Sure. That was nice."

Apollo runs his eyes all over his face, perhaps looking for something negative. He doesn't seem to find anything, because he smiles. "Very well. I'm glad we had a good time. I'll see you around?"

"Just don't give me another quest," Percy deadpans, lips twitching into a smile when Apollo throws his head back and laughs. "I mean it."

"I'll consider it," Apollo winks at him, and kisses him again. Then, he presses his hand against Percy's eyes. "Count to three."

He does. Apollo's hand disappears. When he opens his eyes, he's standing outside the door to his apartment.

Huh. Handy.

---

Several years later, Percy is harboring a headache. "Stop trying to kiss me."

"Babe, that's the whole point of seven minutes in heaven."

Percy turns his head to glare at him. "Don't call me babe."

Apollo, in response, tries to steal another kiss, only to get Percy's hand shoved against his mouth to push him away. He's decided Piper is *not* invited to Thanksgiving in New York, because only she would decide it's a good idea to bring out the Cabin Ten Magic Truth or Dare Bottle for the slight chance to get him locked up in a closet with Apollo. For probably more than seven minutes.

"If we don't do anything we won't be able to get out," Apollo points out, wrapping his arm around his waist. Percy elbows him, but he doesn't have the curse of Achilles anymore; Apollo barely chuckles. "Hey, it's not a big deal."

Percy rolls his eyes. “We wouldn’t *have* to be in this deal if you hadn’t decided to ask me in front of everyone how I lost my virginity, knowing full well I couldn’t lie with the bottle.”

“The night was getting boring!”

“Annabeth broke up with me!”

Apollo rolls his eyes. “Piper told me you were planning to do that before Thanksgiving, don’t make excuses.”

“Yeah but now I look like an asshole,” Percy sighs. “I thought gods didn’t count.”

“Cheating is cheating, even when you’re sixteen and a little drugged,” Apollo shrugs. “It happens. Didn’t she end up making out with Piper in a closet a couple years back? And didn’t tell you about it for like, a year or more?”

“Yeah, which is why I thought that I wouldn’t get in trouble if she ever found out about what we did,” Percy elbows Apollo again, because he’s already sweating and he’s too hot. Apollo doesn’t budge. “Fuck you, we agreed to never talk about it again.”

“Hey, I didn’t think I was also gonna be the answer to the best fuck of your life,” Apollo hums, lying like a liar. Percy can smell the self-satisfaction from this close. “I guess I’m just that good.”

“I miss Lester. I could kick his ass without breaking my hand.”

“I can be Lester if you want,” Apollo laughs, and presses his lips against his ear. “But I still want to fuck that ass again, see if you still make the same sounds.”

Percy hates that he doesn’t hate that idea. “You’re so full of yourself.”

“Always,” Apollo smiles at him, bright and cheery, but Percy notices the softness sitting at the corners of his eyes, the one that’s been there since

Lester, that wasn't there when he was sixteen and most definitely high on him. "You know I'm just joking, right?"

He's learned since then that Eros' edibles are just meant to relax you, and make you a little horny, and that Apollo never eats them because he hates Eros' ugly mug. Everything that happened that day was his choice. He accepted this a long time ago, but he hasn't quite accepted the part of him that wants to do it again.

"I know you're joking," Percy rolls his eyes, sighing. Even back then, Apollo made sure to ask—maybe not as much as he should have, but he did make sure he wanted it. Today is no different, despite his attempts at making out with him. "It was just a shitty thing to do, you know?"

"I know. And I'm sorry," Apollo's hand trails up, brushing the small of his back and making him shiver, to squeeze his shoulder, before taking his arm away and returning him his personal space. Percy also hates that he hates he just did that. "I'll make it up to you. I'll take some of your usual TA workload."

Percy shoots him a stinky side eye. "The purpose of a TA is to take work off the professor, also known as you, dummy."

"But I'm making it up to you!" Apollo snorts, shaking his head like he thinks Percy's being silly. "I don't even need sleep. You can thank me later."

"For doing me a favor for being shitty?"

"Nothing that hasn't happened before," Apollo waves it away, throwing him a wink. Their eyes meet and linger a little too long on each other, the tension in the air that's ever-presently between them for once getting acknowledged. Apollo swallows and clears his throat, looking at the door. "Well, they'll surely let us out any moment now. Nosy demigods can only handle not knowing what's going on for so long. Don't fret."

Percy stares at him. They're both ignoring the fact that Apollo could just flash them out of the closet. It's rare that they spend time together alone.



Percy's always needed some sort of buffer, ever since that one fateful birthday Grover had. Lester had been adequate at keeping him from thinking about Apollo sexually—but only for so long, because Lester was, admittedly, pathetically cute—and then there's always been Annabeth. Or Jason. Or Piper. Or anyone else.

Percy made sure not to be alone with him. And he's felt bad about it all year, ever since he started being his TA and being alone together became a requirement to be able to work. Regardless of the sexual tension, getting to know Apollo all over again was like getting slapped in the face with all the feelings from that day.

Like he could be invincible all over again. Like he could *feel* like that again, all that intensity and heat. All that Greek ruthlessness, now intensified by the seeds New Rome has planted in him.

He adds another item to the list of things he hates that he hates: he pushed Apollo away, and now it's so, so hard to get close again.

So Percy decides to close his eyes briefly, count his blessings, and curse Piper in his head. "Come here."

Apollo turns towards him, raising an eyebrow. "Percy?"

He grabs Apollo's wrist and brings him in, guiding his hand all the way to his ass as he blushes. Apollo's eyes widen and suddenly Percy finds himself getting pushed all the way to the wall, Apollo's other hand coming to grab his other ass-cheek.

He leans in for the kiss but Percy panics and covers his mouth. He's not ready for that. "No kissing."

Apollo looks genuinely offended and shocked. "*No kissing?*"

"Nope," Percy nods, because now that he's said it he's not gonna take it back. "You don't deserve it, you were an asshole tonight."

“I see,” Apollo stares at him for a few seconds, and then he smiles, familiar, sharp. Percy’s heart starts running a marathon. “As you wish, Perseus. No kissing. Anything else?”

Percy swallows. “No. Go ahead.”

Apollo doesn’t say anything; he just ducks his head and starts trailing his lips over his neck, his hands moving to the front of his jeans to undo his belt, then his button and his zipper. Percy tilts his head back to give him space, and sighs as Apollo’s hand wraps around his already-stirring dick, squirming.

“Have we grown a little?” Apollo asks, which makes Percy swat his shoulder, blushing furiously. “Sorry, sorry, it’s just been so long—”

“Shut up and fuck me,” Percy interrupts, and rocks his hips, pushing his cock against Apollo’s hand. Apollo makes an appreciative sound, and leans in for a kiss again before remembering himself. His smile widens when he no doubt feels Percy’s dick twitching. He glares at him. “Do *not*—”

“This is doing it for you?” Apollo asks, squeezing him once. Percy bites his lip to keep down the noise that wants to rise up his throat from it, and Apollo stares at it like he already wants to draw blood. Percy shivers. “Filthy little slut, aren’t you?”

Percy throws his head back so hard he hits it against the wall, a wave of heat crashing over his body at the words. Fuck. “If you do your job right, yeah.”

Apollo whistles and actually strokes him and Percy does not keep his moan down this time as his thumb swipes over his head, pressing at his slit exactly the same way he remembers him doing years ago. Holy shit. Apollo’s such a petty bitch.

“Gods, I’m gonna fuck you so hard,” Apollo mumbles, and leans down again to bite his neck, sucking the skin. He keeps jerking his dick, getting Percy worked up and warm, until he’s melting in his arms, freely pressing every sound against his ear. Apollo groans with appreciation. “You’re aging

like a fine wine, aren't you? You sound even better than before. Tell me, did I do a good job at haunting you?"

Percy licks his lips, gasping at the way Apollo twists his wrist. "Mhm, gods, yeah, fuck—been jerking off to it for years. Think about it every night. Fuck, Apollo..."

"I know," Apollo presses a kiss against his jaw, and Percy tangles a hand in his hair, pulling him in—Apollo stops dead in his tracks and does *not* come along. Percy realizes a little too late what he just did. "Oh, baby, *now* you want a kiss? I'm sorry, rules are rules."

"Fuck you," Percy moans out. "Gods, I hate you, fuck you, shit, shit—"

"You still get so wet," Apollo points out, chuckling, and just to prove his point he smears more of Percy's precum all over his dick. "Guess it wasn't just virginity, hm?"

"Make me cum," Percy begs, his voice strained, because gods, Apollo's pace is tortuous, somewhere between thorough and slow, gentle and agonizing, not nearly enough to topple him over. Apollo makes a *tsk* sound, and Percy feels desperation rising in his chest. "Apollo, *please*, let me cum. Please."

"I thought you wanted me to fuck you," Apollo shakes his head in disappointment. "If I let you cum, that door is gonna open. Do you really want that?"

For a split second Percy considers that possibility, but he thinks about this being the first time they're been this honest with each other in ages and realizes that he doesn't feel like letting this vulnerability be seen by anyone else.

"Fuck me," Percy says, then, for what feels like the millionth time. Apollo rewards that with a kiss against his temple and it feels so, so mean, to feel lips against his skin but not on his own.

Instead of turning him around, like Percy expected him to, Apollo just pulls his pants the rest of the way down, and wraps one of Percy's legs around his waist. He presses his fingers against his lips and Percy opens his mouth all too willingly, making eye contact as he sucks them in, hollows his cheeks and swirls his tongue.

Apollo narrows his eyes. He doesn't look happy. "Have you sucked dick?"

Percy breaks away with a *pop!* and they both need to take a second to let the sound echo, equally overwhelmed. "I sucked Jason off once, on the Argo. No homo, right?"

"*Fuck,*" Apollo snaps, and lowers his hand, reaching around Percy's leg to press his fingers against his hole. For a second Percy thinks he won't work up to them, with how insistent and fast this is, and he tenses up in anticipation because he does *not* plan to say no to whatever magic Apollo might be able to work out for that, but their eyes meet and Apollo rolls his eyes. "Masochist whore."

Percy actually laughs. It's an odd sound, like always, broken and strange to his own ears, but Apollo looks at him as if he'd like to bottle it and keep it forever. It makes his heart ache. "Good thing you're a sadist."

Apollo presses the first finger in. "I'll make you choke on my cock someday, baby."

"Promise?" Percy lets out without thinking, breathy and maybe a little too needy, but figures, what the hell—those TA hours are just gonna be terrible otherwise, from now on. He might as well commit.

"Oh, absolutely," Apollo wiggles his finger and Percy lets out a choked-off moan, hitting his head against the wall again as it nudges his prostate. Then Apollo starts on the second one, making it sting *just right*. "Hm, perfect little thing, aren't you?"

"Shut up," Percy mumbles, and makes the same mistake from earlier, leaning in to try and kiss him. Apollo just turns his head away this time. Percy looks up at him with wide, teary eyes, rocking his body into his

fingers, and feels his resolve breaking when the third nudges his entrance. “Fuck, fuck, forget the rule, Apollo, kiss me—”

“No, we’re playing *your* game,” Apollo raises an eyebrow at him, and something behind his eyes tells Percy that he isn’t completely forgiven for pushing him away. It hurts, but fair is fair. “You’re gonna take my cock up that tight, pretty, little ass of yours, and we won’t kiss.”

“Fuck,” Percy snaps, because that sends a shiver down his spine. “Fuck, fuck, turn me around then—”

“No,” Apollo presses himself closer to him and his fingers are rougher now, properly fucking him, and Percy has to close his eyes as Apollo leans his forehead against his own, so close yet so far, breath ghosting his lips. “I’m going to stay right here and we won’t kiss, you hear me? So close, but we won’t touch. Don’t care if you beg. You’ll have to ask for a kiss again after we walk out that door.”

“Shit,” Percy moans, gasping as Apollo pulls his fingers out. He hears the lowering of his zip and the popping of his button and brings his other leg up around his waist, knowing Apollo can hold him up, even with one arm. It feels so, so good to have him back here, but it *aches* to be this near to him and not be able to kiss him. “Fuck, fuck, *fuck*.”

He vividly remembers the taste of his lips; like whiskey and heat. Eros’ chocolate with a hint of cloves and vanilla. He’d be lying if he said he doesn’t get flashbacks to that day every time he savors anything similar. And now it’s so, so close, and he can’t have it because he’s a stubborn motherfucker.

Apollo’s cock presses against his hole and Percy melts all over again, like they never stopped doing this. Apollo’s lips remain a breath’s distance away, and every time Percy as much as nudges forward he draws back.

The first thrust makes him yell. The ones after that induce a chorus of loud, unrestrained moans, as he holds onto Apollo’s hair and shoulders, digging his nails into his scalp or his neck or his shirt, feeling the drag of the wall

on his back like nothing's changed, like he's still the sixteen year old, hopeful kid he was so many years ago, instead of the jagged war veteran.

"Kiss me," he begs again, taking big, gulping breaths between whimpers, pressing his fingers against Apollo's lips. "Gods, please kiss me, you're the best kiss of my life, please—"

"Fuck," Apollo pushes even harder into him and fuck, dear Styx and Hades and Tartarus and even fucking Hera herself, he's really feeling it without the curse of Achilles now, but it's so, so fucking *good*. "You just had to say that, fuck, baby. You're gonna have to be a good boy for me and hold on, okay? I'm going to kiss you so hard, I swear, but only once we're out that door—"

"Kiss me *now*," Percy interrupts, tries to steal the kiss from him but all Apollo does is hold him by the neck and push him back and gods, that has him seeing stars. "Apollo, please—"

"No."

"Kiss me."

"I won't."

"I hate you."

Apollo laughs, and Percy feels shattered at how it brushes his mouth. "You don't."

He's right, of course, as proven by the fact that he cums, hard, screaming again. Desperately clinging to his hair, trying to keep down a sob and failing. Apollo keeps fucking into him until he finishes, as well, and in the aftermath there's just them, panting as Percy shakes with both the afterglow of sex and the sobs rattling his lungs.

"Sorry, baby," Apollo whispers, kissing his nose, gods. "I know, I can be so cruel. Are you okay?"

Percy thinks about it, long and hard. "Yeah, I'm just—gods. You're insane."

“You need to finish what you start, Percy,” Apollo chuckles, and he knows he’s right and he even agrees, but that’s another thing that he hates. “We can go out now.”

Apollo lowers him, putting space between them. He helps Percy pull his pants up. He cleans his tears and kisses the moist skin underneath his eyes. He even runs his hands through his hair to make it look less like he just got fucked in a closet at Piper’s place, even though there’s really no denying it.

He doesn’t ask him if he’s ready to go out, which is just fine with him. Better to rip off the band-aid.

Percy barely gets a glance at Annabeth’s scowl and Piper’s arms wrapped around her neck, extremely happy that her target is now single, before Apollo is pushing him against the closet door and pressing their lips together.

It burns. That’s the first sensation, and then Percy’s mind catches up to the rest of what’s happening and he lets out a broken, raw, desperate sound, pulling Apollo in by the front of his shirt, practically sucking on his tongue, shivering at the taste of vanilla and cloves. He hears protests and wolf-whistles from the assorted group of people that were invited to this particular house party, but he pays it no mind, because this—

Gods, this is what he wanted. It’s almost better than the sex.

Apollo breaks away far too soon and Percy chases after him, but he holds him back. They exchange a single, quiet look, and Apollo smiles at him, warm, blue-and-gold eyes dancing with mirth.

He turns and wraps an arm around Percy’s shoulder. “So, are we still playing Truth or Dare?”

The only reason Percy doesn’t try to punch his stupid, hot, ugly mug is because he’s entirely too tired. He’s not sixteen and invincible anymore. Or drugged.

Instead, Percy takes Apollo home, and decides that, okay. He can live with some chaos in his life.

**Author's Note:**

also btw ashilrak and i have a perpollo discord server!

<https://discord.gg/T7gZ39uwJG>

come join the cult :)